

A Newe Ballade.

Dere Lady Elſabeth, which art our right and vertuous Quene
God hath endued the wth mercy & ſayth, as by thy workes it may be ſene
wherefore good Quene I counſaile thee, Lady Lady.
For to beware of the ſpiritualtie moſt dere Lady.

Haue you not rede of your progenitours, which was before you many a yere
How they endured many ſharpe ſhowers, as by the cronicles it doth appere
And many of them came to euell hap, lady lady,
And all was through the forked cap moſt dere Lady.

Haue you nat rede of wylliam Rufus the ſecond kyng hereof that name
How he was ſlayne moſte maruelous, all through the curſed ſeede of caine.
Tyrell kyllede hym with an arrowe, Lady lady
Yet ſom men ſayed he ſhot at a ſparow moſte dere Lady.

Haue you not rede of good Kyng John, how by them he was vndone
The Biſhop of Canterbury & wicked mā, accuſed him to the court of Rome
They enterdyted his lande as the cronicle ſayeth, Lady Lady.
A monke poiſoned him to his death, moſte dere Lady.

Haue you not rede of the ſecond Richard, who was the black princes ſone
How they handled him full hard, and famiſhed him til lyfe was donne
In Dowles they made him a funerall Lady Lady,
To blinde the peoples eyes withall, moſte dere Lady.

Haue you not rede of the ſixt Henry which was a good and a ſimple man
The Cardinall of wycheſter truly, made him loſe, that hys father wanne
The good Protector his vnclere, Lady Lady,
The prieſtes kept war with him a longe yere moſte dere Lady.

Then came your father, King Henry 8. which was a prince of victorie
And he depoeſed them all ſtraight, when he had ſpyed their Idolatry
If this be trewe as trewe it was, Lady, Lady,
God graunt your grace may do no leſſe moſt dere Lady.

Then came your brother king Edward, which was a good & vertuo^s child
And to gods word he had regarde, but the wicked prieſtes hath hym begilde
And rayſed by trentalles in euery place, Lady Lady,
And ſome of them preached agaynſt his grace moſt dere Lady.

Then came your ſyſter quene Mary, & for ſine yeres that ſhe did rayne,
All that was done Edward and Mary, her wicked prieſtes made it but vaine
They brought in agayne the Romyſhe loze, Lady Lady,
Whiche was baniſhed longe before, moſte dere Lady.

Then God ſent vs your noble grace, as in dede it was highe tyme
Whiche dothe all popery cleane deface, and ſet vs forth Gods trewe deſtine
For Whome we are all bound to praye Lady Lady,
Longe life to raigne bothe night and day, moſte dere Lady.

¶ J. J. J. S.

quod. R. M.